

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE
AN INDEPENDENT PAPER.
PUBLISHED
BY HENRY M. WHITNEY,
Every Wednesday Morning.
AT SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
Foreign Subscribers, \$8.00 to \$10.00.

Office—in the new Post Office Building
Merchant Street, Honolulu, H. I.

The Flower of Love Lies Bleeding.

I was a little maid one day,
In the bright May weather;
She stopped, and brushed the dew away,
As lightly as a feather.
She had a bairn in her hand,
That she had just been weaning;
But she was too young to understand;
That bairn of a distant land,
The flower of love lies bleeding.

He tripped across the tender grass,
To where a brook was flowing—
Across the brook like wild old trees,
Wherever flowers were growing;
Like some childhood girl she flew,
Whose bairns were bleaching;
"Whom better?" I said, "are you?
And what sweet thing do you possess?"
"The flower of love lies bleeding."

"I found the willow in the hedge,
I've found the tiny eye—
The shadowed by the water's edge—
The dawning morn—
Kissed the flower of love lies bleeding;
Brought it to me I'm bleeding;
Perhaps it grows in some dark bower,
And spires at a later hour—
The flower of love lies bleeding."

"I wouldn't look for it," I said,
"If you are still so young;
There's no need to look for it—
She stood silent about it—
I looked at her of love and birth,
But she was all without;
Her sister bairn was strangely silent,
She layed on that unhappy bed—
"The flower of love lies bleeding."

"My child," I sighed, and dropped a tear,
"I would no longer mind a tear;
For I'll find it soon, never fear;
I found it many a year ago;
With one of great bleeding;
And the little did you know—
I see why you are weeping now—
The flower of love lies bleeding."

H. M. Whitney in *Saturday's* *News*.

Variety.

"Tempest Tossed"—Theodore Tilton.

Full of interest—A long note overleaf.

Match factories—The water-pipe hotels.

Party without morality is not goodness, but gosh.

"Local Option"—To drink whatever you please whenever you see fit.

An exchange institution orange peal as a power-bleeding tincture.

Ninety-two miles of Germany new boat of omnia parades.

Thirty prisoners in the Kentucky Penitentiary recently broke out. Noises.

It takes thirty seconds to keep the tools in Cushing satisfactorily swaddled.

Does the woman who wears the brooches paint for flats?"—and the Boston *Advertiser*.

A Massachusetts farmer's remedy for hard times consists in his horse's labor, well worked in.

The University Regatta may say there is only one stroke that says of them best, and that's a six-stroke.

Women birds are getting into the habit of laying eggs.

As the worms are to be had in abundance at all hours.

Florida alligators are anti-Baptists. They won't let anyone be immersed; as they have to be baptised.

A lady residing near Davenport, Ia., has a beautiful green lace in her stomach, and is still drowsing.

St. Louis people have already begun to make the big bridge model as an easy and inexpensive means of exercise.

Bacon's latest project is a fifteen-eights' walking match. It will be sure to elicit a general delivery of opinions.

The people of New England living within reach of the dams are rapidly "getting religion," and becoming devout members.

St. Louis' principal cities are covered over in a Coal Mine being in a minor key."

This is given at a Delaware chitancy: "His hat wasn't always crooked on his left ear, but he didn't own a burlap in town."

Royal hotel-keepers in the profligate districts of New England want to know what's the use of giving bags if you can't have 'em?

The Philadelphia youth who was married to a girl who had refused him eight times, refuses her now, and has applied for a divorce.

The slaves of Florida are lined with rows of alpines, while class of emerald are more than spoken of than seen in the hills.

In a lot of nature that have been met should be the fruit of luxuriant existence, we never find that the same soil produces delicious and heroic—herbs.

The people of Boston, Va., are happy in the possession of a tool which stands under a bushy barrel and catches the drops as they fall, thus getting amazingly drunk.

Disgusted with the sorry performances of a number of young men who were running five-cent saloons, Evansville denied public of their show and beat the white skin of them.

The most eminent orator in the West is one Tom Purvis. His plan of operation is to travel from one small town to another and drink up every drop of whisky he can find.

House thoughts are always stirring from each other. Our cities are full of walls and vitrines which we think are our own. Immense plague turns up everywhere—Eloise.

Miners' stock exchanges are selling their cattle to raise money to buy the Congress. King of Minnesota sold a bull for \$800,000, and his country thinks that his election is assured.

A Senator in the Center. Kicker being asked how more prominent he had got, as the Winter was, replied, "I don't get much. Little more as we begin—slight importance."—*St. L. Journal*.

We resent Egg and Butter Dealer's Convention in Indianapolis; it was observed that while the delegates were not spreading themselves they insisted on laying all sorts of motions on the table.

Class Morris remarked to Mrs. Pease that the West, her little grey whiskers, "for hereditary sins, having the look of a dame and the heart of a tiger."

Pittsburgh law is stringent from the Red River down to Lake Erie, and to make the spring probabilities of irrigation a pitfall in the park in order that the children may be kept off the grass.

Twenty-five Barbadoes are in the New Haven Almshouse to help support their wives. They are obliged to work for their own board, and any surplus wages go for the support of their families.

If Ben Butler goes, as he says, to live to see his slaves thoroughly vindicated, he may as well leave a home for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, provided he doesn't die.

A man goes to a new engraving in Boston last evening, a Roman Emperor and his legions, including several metal strumps, a splendidly experienced male.

THE HAWAIIAN GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO HAWAIIAN PROGRESS.

VOL. X.—NO. 33.

HONOLULU, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1874.

WHOLE NO. 501.

Space Measured in Square Feet.

</div